

## THE Princess Virginia

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Authors of "The Lightning Conductor," "Rem-  
mary in Search of a Father," Etc.

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He was glad that the English ladies would be staying with her for a few days at this season. She would make them comfortable, more comfortable than would be possible at a crowded time; and then, besides, after the season was over and the strangers had been frightened away by the first flurry of snow, the poor mother grew lonely and tired of idleness. Oh, yes, she stayed the winter through. It was home to her. There were not many neighbors then, it was true, yet she would not be happy to go away. Mountain folk never really learned to love the valleys.

What! The ladies had not written to the inn in advance? Ah, well, that would not matter at this season. There would be rooms and to spare. The ladies could take their choice, and the mother would have a pleasant surprise. Glad he was that he chanced to be the one to bring it.

Those who knew Frau Yorvan knew that her larder was never empty of good things and that her linen was aired and scented with the dried lavender blossoms gathered down below. Indeed, she had need to be ever in readiness for distinguished guests, because sometimes—But the eloquent tongue of Alois Yorvan was suddenly silent, like the clapper of a church bell which the ringers have ceased to toll, and his sunburnt face grew sheepish.

"Because sometimes?" echoed the girl in her pretty Rhaetian. "What happens sometimes that your mother must ever be expecting?"

"Oh," the man stammered, a little foolishly, "I was but going to say that she has sometimes to entertain people of the high nobility of different nations. Alleheligen, though small, is rather celebrated, you know."

"Has your emperor been here?" asked the young lady.

"It may be," answered Alois jauntily; "it may be. Our emperor has been to most places."

His companion smiled and put no more questions.

Slowly they climbed on, the two carriages, containing the English girl's mother, a middle aged companion, a French maid and a reasonable supply of luggage, toiling up behind, the harness jingling with a faint sound, as of fairy bells.

Then at last they came to the inn, a quaint house, half of stone, half of rich brown shingles, a huge picture crowded with saints of special importance to Alleheligen painted in once crude, now faded, colors on a swinging sign. A characteristic yodeling cry from Alois sent forth before the highest tower of the road was reached brought an apple cheeked and white capped old woman to the door. Then it was the youngest of the travelers who asked, with a pleasant greeting in Rhaetian, for the best suit of rooms which Frau Yorvan could give.

But, to the girl's astonishment, the landlady showed none of the delight her son had predicted. Surprised she certainly was, even startled and certainly embarrassed. Frowning instant she seemed to hesitate before replying; then her emotion was partly explained by her words. Unfortunately her best rooms were engaged—four of the bedrooms with the choicest view and the one private sitting room the inn possessed. But if the ladies would put up with the second best she would gladly accommodate them. Was it but for the night? Oh, for several nights! (Again the apple face looked dubious.) Well, if the ladies would graciously enter and choose from what she had to offer she would be honored.

They did enter and presently wrote their names as Lady Mowbray, Miss Mowbray, Miss Manchester and maid. An hour later when the newcomers—mother, daughter and dame de compagnie—sat down to a hot supper in a bedchamber hastily but skillfully transformed into a private dining room the youngest of the three remarked to Frau Yorvan upon the peaceful stillness of her house.

"One would think there wasn't a soul about the place except ourselves," said she, "yet you've told us you have other guests."

"The gentlemen who are stopping here are away all day long in the mountains," explained Frau Yorvan. "It is now the time for chamois hunting, and it is for that and also the climbing of a strange group of rocks called the Bunch of Needles, only to be done by great experts, that they come to me."

"They are out late this evening. Aren't you beginning to be a little anxious about them if they go to such dangerous places?"

"Oh, tonight, gracious fraulein, they will not return at all," said the landlady, warning impulsively to the subject. "They often stop at a kind of hut they have near the top of the mountains to begin some climb they may wish to undertake very early. They are much closer to it there, you see, and it saves their waiting several hours on the way. They are constantly in the habit of stopping at the hut in the weather. But they are very considerate. They always let me know their plans beforehand."

One private sitting room when Frau Yorvan might need it for others," remarked the girl.

"Oh, but gracious fraulein, you must not say that!" cried the old woman, looking as much shocked as if her young guest had broken one of the commandments.

The girl laughed. "Why not?" she inquired. "Are the gentlemen of such importance that they mustn't be criticised by strangers?"

Frau Yorvan was embarrassed. "They are excellent patrons of mine, gracious fraulein; that is all I meant," said she. "I cannot bear that unjust things should be thought of such—good gentlemen."

"I was only joking," the girl reassured her. "We are perfectly satisfied with this room, which you have made most comfortable. All I care for is that the famous walks in the neighborhood shall not be private. I may at least walk as much as I like and even climb a little, I and my friend, Miss Manchester, who is a daring mountaineer—with this she threw a glance at the middle aged lady in black, who visibly started and grew wild eyed in response—"For I suppose that your guests have not engaged the whole Scheehorn for their own."

The landlady's hospitable smile returned. "No, gracious fraulein. You are free to wander as you will, but do not, I beg you, go too far or attempt any climbs of real difficulty, for they are not to be done without guides, and take care you do not stray into wild places where by making some movement or sound before you were seen by the hunters you might be mistaken for a chamois."

"Even our prowess is hardly likely to lead us into such peril as that," laughed the girl, who seemed much more friendly and inclined toward conversation than the two elders of the party. "But please wake us early to-morrow morning. My friend Miss Manchester and I would like to have breakfasted and be ready for a start by 8 o'clock at latest."

Again the placid features of the lady in black quivered, and though she said nothing, Frau Yorvan pitied her. "Would you not wish in any case to have a guide?" she asked. "I could engage you as intelligent young man who?"

"Thank you, no," broke in the girl decidedly. "A guidebook is preferable to a guide for what we mean to do. We shan't attempt any places which the book says are unsafe for amateurs. But what an excellent engraving that is over the fireplace, with the chamois horns above it! Isn't that a portrait of your emperor when he was a boy?"

The landlady's eyes darted to the picture. "Ach, I had meant to carry it away," she muttered.

The girl's quick ears caught the words. "Why should you carry it away? Don't you love the emperor that you would put his face out of sight?"

"Not love Unser Leo?" cried the old woman, horrified. "Why, we worship him, gracious fraulein. We would die for him any day, all of us mountain people—and, yes, all Rhaetians, I believe. I could not let you go back to your own land with the idea that we do not love the noblest emperor country ever had. As for what I said about the portrait, I didn't know that I spoke aloud, I am so used to mumbling to myself since I began to grow deaf and old. But of course I wished it put away only because it is such a poor thing. It does Unser Leo no sort of justice. You—you would not recognize him from that picture if you were to see him now."

With this excuse Frau Yorvan hurried out to fetch another dish, which she said must be ready; to cool her hot face and to avoid herself for her stupidity all the way downstairs.

She was gone some time, and the girl, who had no doubt unwittingly occasioned the old woman's uneasiness, took advantage of her absence to laugh—excited, happy laughter.

"Poor, transparent old dear! So pleased and proud of her great secret, which she thinks she's keeping so well!" she exclaimed. "I'm sure she doesn't dream that she's as easy to read as a book with big, big print. She's in a sad fright now lest we inconvenient foreigners should chance upon her grand gentlemen tomorrow, recognize one of them from the portrait and spoil his precious incognito."

"Then—you think that he is really here—in this out of the way series?" half whispered the grand duchess.

"I feel sure he is," answered Princess Virginia.

For a moment there was silence. Then said the grand duchess, with an air of resignation, "Well, I suppose we should be glad, since we have come to Rhaetia for the purpose of—Dear me! I can scarcely bring myself to say it."

"You may say it, since our dear old lamb of a Letitia knows all about it and is in with us," returned Virginia.

"But—but I truly didn't expect to find him here. One knows he comes some time—it's been in the papers—but this time they had it that he'd gone to make a week's visit to poor old General von Bismarck at the baths of Meiningen, and I

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with all our pretty letters of introduction, as he was away from the palace there, it would be idle to use up the time with a visit to Alleheligen. I don't want you and Letitia to think that I was just making catpaws of you both and forcing you without knowing to help me unearth him in his lair. Still, as he is here—

"Perhaps he isn't," suggested the grand duchess. "I don't see that you have much ground for fancying so."

"Oh, general!" echoed Virginia scornfully. "It's instinct that I go upon, not ground—that woman's face when she saw foreign tourists at her door out of season when she had a right to think she was safe from invasion; her stammering about the best rooms being taken; her wish to get rid of us; her distress that she couldn't possibly do so without making matters worse; the way she talks of her 'four gentlemen'; her horror at my leze majesty; her confusion about the portraits; her wish to impress it upon us that Unser Leo is quite changed. Instinct ought to be ashamed if it couldn't play detective as far as that. But—of course we may not see him. If she can help it, we won't. He won't like being run to earth by tourists when he is amusing himself, and perhaps the trusty landlady will send the intelligent young guide whom I refused to warn him, so that if he chooses he can keep out of the way."

"I almost hope she may send," said the grand duchess. "I don't think Providence wills a meeting here. You have brought no pretty dresses. I should like him to see you first when you look your best, since to your mind so much depends upon his feelings in this matter."

"Our first meeting is—on the knees of the gods," murmured Virginia. And then Frau Yorvan came into the room with a soufflé.

To be continued.

## County News

From Our Exchanges

Mote Ehlers, the real estate man of Little Rock, and Geo. Heidbreder were here Wednesday inspecting our mill. Mr. Heidbreder and father we understand are thinking of buying it if they find the business will justify them. We believe the mill to be good property and if owned by a man with sufficient means who understands the work it would prove a paying business. At the annual school meeting at Forest Grove school Henry Ehler was elected director. The new board is Steve Craig, Jack Dysart and Henry Ehler. Supervision was defeated by a vote of 5 to 2.—Arrow Rock Statesman.

### Suffering & Dollars Saved.

E. S. Loper, of Marlille, N.Y., says: "I am a carpenter and have had many severe cuts healed by Bucklen's Arnica Salve. It has saved me suffering and dollars. It is by far the best healing salve I have ever found." Heals burns, sores, ulcers, fever sores, eczema and piles. 25c at all druggists.

Mrs. Baier, of New Frankfort spent several days here this week with the family of Capt. Paul Schellenberg. She has been in Glasgow several weeks with a sick friend.—Rev. W. H. Black, president of Missouri Valley college, Marshall, will deliver the Baccalaureate sermon to the graduating class of the public school He stands at the head of Missouri educators and ministers.—The election Tuesday for town and school trustees passed off quietly. There was no booding nor intimidation of any kind. A very light vote was polled. Wm. McMahon, E. J. Dunlap, W. T. Swinney, R. H. Land and Hon. M. D. Kerr were elected as the new town board, and D. T. Crumbaugh and John V. Sellmeyer as school directors.—Gilliam Globe.

### Keeping Open House.

Everybody is welcome when we feel good; and we feel that way only when our digestive organs are working properly. Dr. King's New Life Pills regulate the action of stomach, liver and bowels so perfectly one can't help feeling good when he uses these pills. 25c at all drug stores.

W. H. Bagby has brought his dog store from Mt. Leonard to Blackburn. He has a fine lot of dogs for sale.

ried Saturday morning and is the guest of his brother, Jeff D., and sister, Mrs. Ammie Loper.—Fred Rubelman left Tuesday evening for Mascoutah, Ill., being called there by the death of an only brother. Fred has many friends here will sympathize with him in his bereavement.—Blackburn Record.

### The Jumping Off Place.

"Consumption had me in its grasp; and I had almost reached the jumping off place when I was advised to try Dr. King's New Discovery; and I want to say right now, it saved my life, improvement began with the first bottle, and after taking one dozen bottles I was a well and happy man again," says George Moore, of Grimsland, N. C. As a remedy for coughs and colds and healer of weak, sore lungs and for preventing pneumonia New Discovery is supreme. 50c and \$1.00 at all druggists. Trial bottle free.

### Died.

On Friday, April 3, 1908, Nannie Ellen Jackson, daughter of R. E. L. Jackson, died aged one year and nineteen days.

The funeral services conducted by Rev. Shanklin were held at the Christian church Saturday at 1.30 p. m. Interment in the Blackburn cemetery beside its mother who preceded her to that better land only four short months ago.—Blackburn Record.

We understand that Edwin Rector, son of J. T. Rector, has purchased the grocery store belonging to the Saline Mercantile Company. He has had a business training under his father and will doubtless make a success of the business.—Samuel Hill, son of A. A. Hill, we understand has purchased an interest in the furniture and undertaking business heretofore owned by M. Schaurer. Sam is a first-class young man and we are glad to number him among our business men.—Slater Rustler.

### Deafness Cannot be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

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### Raised Valuation \$80,000

The joint committee of the Board of Education and City Council have completed the work of appraising the real estate in Slater and the school district, and will recommend a raise of about \$80,000 in assessed valuation. This is on a basis of one-third of market value of the property. No action has yet been taken in regard to personal property.—Slater Rustler.

### Neighborhood Favorite.

Mrs. E. D. Charles, of Harbor, Maine, speaking of Electric Bitters, says: "It is a neighborhood favorite here with us." It deserves to be a favorite everywhere. It gives quick relief in dyspepsia, liver complaint, kidney derangement, malnutrition, nervousness, weakness and general debility. Its action on the blood, as a thorough purifier makes it especially useful as a spring medicine. This grand alterative tonic is sold under guarantee at all drug stores. 50c.

### Cut by a Tramp

Arthur Marshall came near losing his life last Wednesday afternoon about 6 o'clock by having his throat cut by an unknown tramp, who had been loitering and bagging about town for a day or two. They had some difficulty at the rear of the rock barn,

after which Marshall started home, but stopped near Baier's ice house, where the tramp came up and slashed him across the throat with a knife, making a bad wound on the side of the neck and throat. The tramp then ran, but was afterwards captured in east Slater and placed in the calaboose. He will be taken to Marshall and be tried in the criminal court. It is thought Marshall would of been killed had it not been that he was wearing a heavy neck tie, which partly warded off the blow.—Slater Rustler.

### Resigns Pastorate

Rev. E. F. Abbott, who has been pastor of the Presbyterian church, of Boonville, for the past few years resigned the pastorate of this church last Sunday morning. His resignation is to take effect next August.

Rev. Abbott has accomplished a great work in the Boonville church and the church has grown in strength and membership under his splendid preaching. He has been a faithful worker and the members were surprised when he made known his intention last Sunday. During his pastorate the beautiful and costly new temple of worship has been erected. There was no one more interested in the building than was Rev. Abbott. He devoted much of his time in watching every detail of the work and counseled at all times with the members as to changes for convenience and for the beautifying of the interior and exterior of the edifice.

Rev. Abbott stated in his remarks that he had made no definite plans for his future work. He praised the members for their hearty cooperation in the building of the new church edifice and for the assistance given him in accomplishing great and lasting good in the community.

The city of Boonville will lose a most estimable family and the congregation a grand, good man and an eminent preacher of the Gospel. The best wishes of all will attend Mr. and Mrs. Abbott wherever they may decide to locate.—Boonville Republican.

### Mrs. Eliza J. Crosby

Mrs. Eliza J. Crosby, aged 70 years died at the home of her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. D. E. Elm, Saturday, April 4th. Funeral services were held at the residence Monday afternoon at 2 o'clock and her remains laid to rest by the grave of her husband in the City cemetery.—Slater Rustler.

Fred Stockman has moved into his house on east State St. His sister is keeping house for him—"at present"—Thomas Martin and wife went to Sedalia Saturday to see his father and brother. They may all move to Arizona in the near future.—Misses Julia Jordan and Erma Klinger of Marshall arrived Thursday evening to spend several days with Mrs.

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Since May, 1906, Ayer's Sarsaparilla has been entirely free from alcohol. If you are in poor health, weak, pale, nervous, ask your doctor about taking this non-alcoholic tonic and alterative. If he has a better medicine, take his. Get the best always. This is our advice.

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J. C. Barrows.—A. W. Kapp and force are putting in a new floor at the ice plant and building a new office room also making other improvements necessary.—Malta Bend Qui Vive.

### Mrs. W. H. Cunningham

Sarah Elizabeth Wilson was born June 26, 1846, at Salvisa, Kentucky, and departed this life at her home near Miami, Monday, April 6, 1908, at 12:30 p. m., after an illness of about two weeks' duration.

In 1867, February 7, she was married to W. H. Cunningham. To them were born five children, all of whom survive. They are G. F. Cunningham, Mrs. Lulu Burns, Edgar V. Cunningham, and Mrs. Mary Walker of Miami, and W. H. Cunningham, Jr. of Guthrie, Okla.

Funeral services were held at the Miami cemetery Tuesday, April 7, at 3:30, conducted by her pastor, Rev. George E. Jones, of the Christian church.—Miami News.

At the regular meeting of the M. W. of A. Monday night, Brane Bros., James and Ed and Doc Ramey were elected to membership.—Mrs. Jas. Lee has been very sick at her home is now improving. Her sickness followed as a result of worry over the recent death of her son, Paul.—Dr. A. A. Wheeler and Miss Alice Cunningham went to Excelsior Springs Saturday morning in response to a message that Dr. Cunningham was worse. He has been quite sick for some time with rheumatism. Dr. Wheeler returned Tuesday and reported him to be a little better.—Miami News.

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